Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducate for thee,
And *Launcelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenso, who is thy new Masters guest,
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweet Iewe; if a Christian doe not play the Knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adiew, these foolish drops doe something drowne my manly spirit: adiew. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell good *Launcelet*.
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me
To be asham'd to bee my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: ô *Lorenso*,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenso, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will slinke away in Supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Grat. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Salan. Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
To furnish vs; friend *Launcelet* what's the newes.

Enter Launcelet.

Launcelet. And it shall please you to breake up this, it shall seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ. *Grat.* Love, newes in faith.

Launc. By your leave sir. *Loren.* Whither goest thou,

Launc. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iewe to sup to night with my new Master the Christian.

Loren. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica*

I will

I will not faile her, speake it pri
Goe Gentlemen, will you prep
I am provided of a Torch-bear

Salar. I marry, Ile be gone

Salan. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and *Grat*
Some houre hence. *Salar.*

Grat. Was not that Letter f

Loren. I must needes tell th
How I shall take her from her
What gold and jewels she is f
What Pages suite shee hath in
If ere the Iewe her Father con
It will be for his gentle daught
And never dare misfortune cro
Vnlesse she doe it under this ex
That she is issue to a faithlesse
Come goe with me, peruse th
Faire *Iessica* shall be my Torch-

Enter Iewe and his ma

Iew. Well, thou shalt see,
The diff.rence of old *Shylocke*
What *Iessica*, thou shalt not g
As thou hast done with me:
And sleepe, and snore, and ren
Why *Iessica* I say. *Clow*

Shy. VVho bids thee call?

Clow. Your worship was
I could doe nothing without b

Enter Ie

Iessica. Call you? what is

Shy. I am bid forth to supp
There are my keyes: but whe
I am not bid for love, they fla
But yet Ile goe in hate, to fe
The prodigall Christian. *Ies*
Looke to my house, I am righ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH